

TELEGRAPH

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 138.

## MAN

Infinite Love, by Infinite Wisdom, instituted Nature as His Divine MEANS to CREATE MAN. He, also, must then, as an Individual and as a race, as a man and as mankind, have the same origin from zero, or a germ, and from this "chaos" must pass, by continuous and discrete degrees, from state to state, till the Divine Purpose is complete and perfect; the Individual must be first in the state of infancy, then of youth, and finally of manhood. So, also, the Race must pass through the same successive states before the Complete, Perfect Man is created. A complete and necessary correspondence must exist between Nature and Man in even the most minute thing. "Man is thus the mirror of all dignities in Nature. There is in Nature no state to which the being is not the response, no form of which he is not the type." "Animals are but fatal forms of man." The animal, in its development, pursues all the gradations of the animal Kingdom. The fetus is a successive representation of all the classes of animals. "Every higher organism utters all the classes of animals." "Every higher organism utters in its embryonic condition all the classes of inferior organisms, both in its development and in the material form accompanying it." Thus Reason and Nature demonstrate that mankind, as it now is, can not be the First Ideal Man such as Infinite Perfection would create. Mankind, like each individual man, is a growth, not

So much for the general idea that *man is not yet perfect*. But God is patiently working, and the Ages all pass to the *Divine man* who shall vindicate our God, whose name is Infinite Love." Doubtless if we had never seen a ripened, completed apple, but only the wild, sour, tasteless crab, we should wonder, in our little ignorance, at its imperfections. Man, the highest of all Creations, the very end of all Creation, the *Blessed and only begotten Son of God*, is not yet made. He is growing up, and has advanced now to the period of *headstrong but inexperienced and unstable youth*. As the comparative Anatomist, by a bone or any small segment of an organization, can construct and complete the perfect form from that fragment, not Nature and Reason, her Interpreter and Expounder, from the fragment of man as he now is, construct and show us the *True Ideal man*, such as he will be when developed to *Perfect Manhood*? Most plainly. *Man has a double nature*. There are two men in each man. First, the *animal man* with all its appetites and propensities, with its perceptive intellect to recognize the various supplies for its wants, and to even create and provide these supplies. But out of, and by means of, and a discrete degree above this animal man is developed the *spiritual man* who regards others and not himself. In every man are these two men; first, the animal, looking only to self, and having selfish animal, sensual propensities and appetites; next, the spiritual man, not regarding self, but others, and whose love, in its appetites and propensities, is of Justice, of Goodness, of Beauty, of Truth; of all that we have Divine; and with Reason to perceive spiritual Principles and objects necessary to supply its spiritual desires and wants. Between these two degrees of manhood lies a third, not entirely animal; not all spiritual; but *transitional*, and mixed, from its necessities. This stage of manhood, this mixed and middle man is the *moral man*. To consider Humanity as it is to-day, all men either here or in the course of their immortal progression, in the other spheres of Life, must pass through these three periods, or states, or Discrete degrees. Every man is first a mere animal. This period, at present, continues some months at least after birth. The Infant has only *mere animal propensities and appetites*, which, as in animals, are guided and controlled by *unerring Instinct*. It knows no Right or Wrong, has no idea of Duty or of Responsibility. It has *no choice of Will*. Unerring Instinct is its necessity, and it knows no choice. It is innocent because it can not choose wrong; but it is the innocence that is never tempted, hence never feels Remorse, and is of itself no virtue. It can not help doing Right in its mere passive animal existence. Hence no Infant man is either *virtuous or vicious*. It is innocent, but not virtuous. Slowly, degree by degree, this stage of Human Life passes on. Through sensation he gradually acquires knowledge of things and their Relations to him. The perceptive and reflective intellect is exercised. He can not learn all truths for himself, but God has made the child heir of all the Past, with its slow and painful experiences, by implanting in his nature Faith in his parents, and all whom he regards as his superiors. Hence, direct Revelation or Perception of Truth from his own Perceptions of Nature and subsequent Reflection, or by mediate Revelation through parents and other teachers, which he receives by Faith (which mediate Revelations are in all instances destined, doomed to be finally tried and tested by the Immediate Direct Revelation of his own experience); hence, I say, the child grows up and out of his mere passive instinctive infancy, and the boy is a whole discrete degree above the Infant. That is, a *perpetual addition or increment* to the

The whole moral stage of life is necessitated by a *relative imperfection of development*. It is *essentially a contest between the animal and the spiritual man*. The animal man *loves self supremely, and that is his end*. The spiritual man *loves others, and forgets himself in delighting to bless others*. The animal, sensual man, loves animal and sensual gratification, and makes these gratifications *the object of life*. The spiritual man *loves Truth for its beauty and good; loves Justice and Goodness; loves Him above all, who is Love, and Truth, and Justice, and Beauty, and Harmony*. The mere animal can have no conception of this higher plane of *being*; can not see it; can not feel it. His love is passion; not yet love. But as the soul develops, degree by degree, from this pure animal life, and has the dimmest sense of Right and Wrong, it is no longer a mere animal, though mostly so. The contest has begun which will sooner or later terminate in the complete conquest and subjugation of the lower animal and sensual life by the spiritual, or "new man." As this conflict between the "old Adam" and the "new man, which is Christ, forming within us," is the very essence of the moral man, *without these temptations of our lower appetites and passions springing from our animal nature, and the sense of duty and responsibility from our spiritual nature, which is forming, there could be no temptation to do wrong*. When there is *no struggle and temptation to do wrong, there can be no virtue*. A man who never felt a temptation to do wrong, none would call a virtuous man. He could not help doing right, and there is no virtue or merit in that. Hence as a moral life arises from growth from a pure animal life up to spiritual life, and is necessarily a mixed imperfect life, the *really moral and virtuous man is and can be but an imperfect, incomplete man*, though growing in the right direction; while the immoral man is comparatively *much more imperfect and undeveloped man, though yet above his passive instinctive innocence of infancy, which can be not moral or vicious*. The immoral man, knowing and feeling, in a lower faint degree, the fact of Right and Wrong, uses his prospective and reflective Intellect merely in devising means to gratify the lower appetites and propensities. The plain fact is, that the mere animal man *loves with all his heart mere animal gratifications, which form its animal good, without any sense of wrong*. The moral man does not yet love with *right, high* the doing of what his Reason tells him is Right, is Just, is Good. Being a mere moral man, and not yet a complete spiritual man, he does not yet love to do right with the same enjoyment that the mere animal enjoys its animal gratifications. The nearer the moral man is to the complete spiritual man, the more easily he does right, and the less is he tempted to do wrong; while the reverse is the case when he is but little advanced above the animal. The real truth is, that many very moral men are only restrained from doing wrong by either fear of future punishment, or so as to insure future happiness; and if you could demonstrate to them the error of their opinion of a future Heaven or Hell, not as a natural consequence of their sins, but an arbitrary vindictive retribution or reward of merit by God for their sins or virtues, they would say as they do say, "I've believed that, we would take our fill with sin. What should hinder us?" Such declarations fill

HEAVEN EXALTS THE HUMBLE.

During the storm of communications from Washington, Franklin Jefferson, Clay, Canning, and a host of other great names, I suppose that the isolated one from a poor *straggler* girl *will* *pass* with contempt from some minds, but I confess it is the more valuable to me on this point, and for another reason, that it was *expressed* better by letter and in this *form* (if at all) to the suspicion of psychological influence on the mind of the medium. A great number of Spiritualists "do not want the rap" say my friends - they have got above that, they say. Well, I told of it, but for myself, I confess I have not, and never expect to get above being taught by it in this sphere, and in the next I am quite confident, if they were to be told that I shall not think in preference.

The medium in this case was Miss Sarah J. Irish who is now located here at 50 Pine Street, and I need not tell you who know her so well that she is the most reliable medium I ever saw, heard, or read of, as she is doing a good work for the cause here. a. antonson.

St. Louis, Nov 24d. 1854

SPIRIT-COMMUNICATION

*My Friend.* My development and progress (as regards my spirit) has ever been one continued vision of nature. On earth I had none of the ceremonies of society to enact, to keep my spirit from acting free and easy. I was what is termed on earth a seer; the life of one of this class can not interest you any, or at least but little, you who know it all, all that we see and learn. But I know that the *effect* this life had upon the spirit will interest you at least.

My change was caused by giving birth to one of my own kind, therefore sudden. I sleep three weeks; when I was awakened by my mother (she having left the world of reproduction long before), who smilingly bade me welcome. I found my sorrows all had left me, and I calmly looked back upon my earth-life as a thing to be thought of as things past and gone, not to be recalled, not even to regret that the time had been misspent. Now we live but to progress, not to regret. When my spirit came to fully realize where I was, I found myself following in the path of light (my spirit-guides) to the divine mansions of love.

As I left the misty regions of material existence, and gazed abroad among the radiant archways of infinite harmony, my so happy spirit seemed to be swelled with that sublime emotion and praise to the Cause of all, the Great Author of all, such a mortal could never know. Methinks I hear you say, "Then why tell us of it at all, if we can not understand it?" I answer, because we would have you form some remote conception, some faint vision, of what is higher even than these seeming realities around you, so gloriously beautiful even in your material creation of perishable substances.

Could you look upon us with clairvoyant eyes, and read the language of the soul, the ever-varying expression of the spirit, then could you understand us.

Our language is that of the spirit, not of signs and ecboes; therefore it must be spirit that understands the gentle breathings of the spirit, which are ever blending here in celestial music; and love can not create any vibrations that are felt by your earth-body; it must be and is the soul that answers our whisperings, if we are answered at all. I have learned a this and much more, for I am learning what I have to do to progress, and why all things move in such a grand harmonious strain, their First Great Cause, the principles of spirit-being and their grand ultimates.

All life, all spirit-germs, are introduced in earth's atmosphere but to be perfected in the six grand spheres, and their corresponding circles and degrees beyond earth, in space, in refinement, in advancement of every kind that emanates from Deity.

When I had been in the second circle what you term ten years, I entered the *third*, and my spirit was thrilled with the breathings of a more advanced life. *As the sphere moved, I moved my spirit*; here again I saw verified what I had been often shown before, that all things move in harmony one with the other. I will come again if you wish, but you must come for me, for I can not be attracted by your mental entities now there are so many other influences around and about you.

**INFECTIOUS RHEUMATISM OR DYSRHEUMIA**—It would seem as if the study of certain diseases sometimes favored their cure or satisfactory development. Inman died of phthisis, and Coatsman of disease of the heart. We, the celebrated Professor Frank was preparing his lectures at Pavia, on disease of the heart, his own heart became so disturbed that he was obliged to rest for awhile. Ransom says that no less than five of the professors in one of the medical colleges have unjustly suspected their hearts. Medical students, exhausted by a winter session, are apt to be special subjects of real or imaginary irregularity of the heart. A young friend who attended our lectures, last winter, on diseases of the chest felt an unusual chill, and a few days later, while sitting among the long cold stairs, and reading several examinations to satisfy him that there was no *typhoid fever*, he died.

Those are mistaken who imagine wit and judgment to be two distinct things. Judgment is only the perfection of wit which penetrates into the recess of things, observes all that merits observation, and perceives what seems imperceptible. We must therefore agree, that it is extensive wit which produces all the effects attributed to judgment.



## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1854.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ORIGINAL ANNOTATION ON THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH."—We have received a notice of the Christian Advocate recently published by Tappan, Townsend, but it was too late for our present issue.

## EXTRAORDINARY PROFESSIONAL SKILL.

We propose a brief chapter on one of the most fearful "ills that flesh is heir to." Among all the multifarious phases of disease there is not one that, from its loathsome and fatal nature, is more to be dreaded than those painful glandular swellings or scirrhus tumors which usually terminate in foul and fatal ulcers. The large blue veins, running in different directions, which, at an early period in medical science, were observed to characterize this class of tumors, were compared to the claws of the crab; hence the name, *Cancer*, by which the disease is now generally distinguished. Among the Romans, we believe, it was called *lupus*, on account of the wolf-like rapacity with which it destroys or eats away the flesh. The acknowledged inability of the Faculty to treat this disease with any great success, and the allged necessity for resorting to the frequent use of the knife to arrest its deadly progress, has rendered it a terror to mankind, from which thousands of helpless and hopeless sufferers have sought relief in vain.

But the victims of this frightful malady may be delivered from its foul dominion, and we should be highly reprehensible, were we to conceal the knowledge we now possess, and thus leave poor human nature to endure its long, painful, and mortal struggle, without one effort to diminish and to save. The man lives in this city who can extract the teeth of this omnivorous monster by putting a plaster on his head. DR. SAMUEL GILBERT, of No. 483 Broadway, so far as we know, is the only man under whose treatment this unrelenting cannibal is sure to lose his appetite and to relinquish his hold. Our readers know very well that we are not accustomed to use these columns for the purpose of giving an unmerited celebrity to any man; but whenever and wherever the interests of Humanity are to be promoted we are ready to speak; and if in so doing we give to some individual a preeminence over all others of his class, it is because, in our judgment, he deserves to be thus distinguished, not only for his own sake, but for the common good of mankind.

We long since heard of Dr. Gilbert, but presumed, like many others, that the reports of his success were greatly exaggerated. We never for a moment thought of personally considering his claims to public attention and patronage until quite recently; but some months since Mr. L. N. GARDNER, of Gowanda, N. Y., commenced calling at our office from week to week to purchase the TELEGRAPH. We noticed that this gentleman carried his right hand in a sling, and that the expression of his countenance often indicated that he was suffering intense pain. After seeing Mr. Gardner two or three times we ascertained, on inquiry, that he was afflicted with a horrible *lupus*, which covered the whole back of his right hand from the wrist to the fingers, and had already devoured muscles, tendons, and even portions of the bones. We learned from Mr. Gardner that before coming to this city he had been treated professionally for six months, in Albany, by a physician who makes a specialty of this class of diseases; but all to no purpose, for during the whole time the evil extended with fearful rapidity. Mr. G.'s hand measured fourteen inches in circumference when he came to New York. Probably no man in this country, Dr. Gilbert alone excepted, would have deemed it possible to save the hand. Under his treatment, however, the disease was speedily arrested, and when we saw Mr. Gardner one day last week, his hand—though greatly disfigured, and its usefulness of necessity somewhat impaired—was so completely healed up as to require no covering to protect it from the atmosphere. For several weeks past Mr. Gardner has been able to do all his writing with that hand.

The case of Mr. Gardner induced us to accept an invitation to visit Dr. Gilbert's infirmary, which we did on Wednesday of last week. By the politeness of the doctor and his assistants, and the kindness of his patients, we were permitted to examine several cases now under treatment, and will briefly state what we saw. The case of Mrs. MOLER, of Virginia, who had been afflicted for many years with a scirrhus cancer in the breast was first presented. For a long time this patient had been treated by distinguished physicians at the South, but with little or no advantage. By the professional skill of Dr. Gilbert the cancer has been removed, and the general health of Mrs. M. is now better than it has been for many years.

The next example was a young married lady of agreeable person and manners. The patient had twice submitted to the use of the knife, and in each case the disease returned with greater violence than before. She has been under Dr. Gilbert's charge but one month, and is now nearly well.

We were next permitted to inspect the case of Mrs. ELIZA SMITH, of Maryland. The patient is now 54 years of age. For 23 years of her life she has suffered from a gross fungus cancer on the right breast and side. The patient commenced the present treatment on the 11th day of October, and at the time we saw her (Dec. 13th) the foul mass, weighing several pounds, was nearly removed. The small portion that yet remained presented a dark and lifeless appearance, while the new flesh was perceived to be rapidly forming.

Mrs. MARIA PHILIPS, 482 Broome Street, now 72 years of age, was for a long time under the care of the best physicians and surgeons in this city, all of whom pronounced her case utterly hopeless. A large scirrhus cancer covered the breast, and extending round under the arm was attached to the ribs. Mrs. Philips came to Dr. Gilbert about the middle of October, and is now perfectly well.

The case of Mrs. FORNEY, who resides near Lancaster, Pa., was next examined. The patient is 68 years of age; is inclined to plethoria. In the month of May last a fungus tumor commenced forming in her left breast, which soon assumed a dark purple appearance, and increased in size with fearful rapidity, until it covered the whole breast and side from the pit of the stomach to the center of the armpit. This lady had been under treatment only about two weeks, but the immense mass was so lifeless, that one of the doctor's assistants probed it in our presence to the depth of four inches, without giving the patient the slightest pain. It is now nearly ready to relinquish its mortal grasp, and to give the poor sufferer back again to life and the world, for which she can scarcely

fail to be grateful to Divine Providence and Dr. Gilbert for the remainder of her days.

We saw a letter from Dr. BALDWIN, of Winchester, Va., who, until recently, was afflicted with a *lupus* cancer on the cheek and nose, which no less than seventeen of the most eminent doctors in America had treated, and pronounced incurable. At last this medical gentleman applied to Dr. Gilbert, and was cured. Dr. Baldwin declares in his letter that he is well, and his gratitude is expressed in terms which are honorable alike to himself and his deliverer.

During his practice, Dr. Gilbert has removed hundreds of cancers. Many extraordinary specimens have been preserved, and may be seen at his rooms. We are assured that he completely eradicates the evil in at least eight out of every ten cases which he attempts to treat. Patients are always coming and going, and from thirty to forty are constantly under treatment at his infirmary. When the applicant has no means, and is destitute of friends, Dr. Gilbert does not hesitate to treat him with the same tenderness and fidelity until he is restored. Some at least of those who feel and wasting disease had stripped of every thing, even of hope, the last friend of the wretched, have thus found in Dr. Gilbert a good Samaritan who has had compassion on them, and bound up their wounds.

To conclude, we hold that the essential value of any discovery depends on its adaptation to alleviate the woes of mankind, and to augment the sum of human happiness. Judged by this criterion, the discovery made by Dr. Gilbert is obviously one of great practical importance, and justly entitles him to be regarded as a public benefactor.

## ANOTHER MODERN PROPHECY.

Mrs. SWITZELM, writing in reference to the war in the East, gives an account of certain remarkable prophecies made by an eminent Presbyterian divine, which are now in the course of fulfillment. We extract the following paragraph:

"Six years ago we heard Rev. Dr. Wilson, then of Allegheny City, and Professor of Theology in the Presbyterian Church, say that in less than ten years a war would break out in Europe between Russia and the Western Powers—a war which would be one of the most terrible ever recorded in the annals of history, and which, by its wholesale slaughter, would carry the name of Christendom with a thrill of wonder to the most remote and barbarous nations, and awaken a curiosity about civilization that would prepare the way for the introduction of the Bible and Christianity into those benighted lands, whose people were taught, by the rumors of this war, to fear and respect the arts of civilization. This declaration was made again in public, from the pulpit, and was the result of a lifetime study of the prophecies of the Bible. The war, then, though of it is now begun, and the aged preacher always said the Western Powers would be victorious—that the teeth of the great Bear would be forever broken, and with them the power of the Pope. We heard this same man predict the Mexican War years before it began, and tell what its end would be. He also predicted the great fire of 45 in Pittsburgh, and we are inclined to think that this gift of second sight was more reliable than that of the maker of this old statue, and that the Russians will not be masters of Constantinople. We are of opinion our preacher saw far into the prophecies already written. He said this war would take place—would be very terrible and general, and that it was the last war before the universal peace of the Millennium."

There is one remark in the preceding extract which distinctly asserts that the venerable clergyman arrived at his conclusions respecting "coming events," *from studying the ancient prophetic Scriptures*, which is virtually denying that he possessed the gifts of prophecy at all. But this could not have been the case with respect to all the illustrations cited, unless the ancient prophecies foretold the *Mexican war* and "the great fire of 45 in Pittsburgh," which is not very probable. Had Mr. Wilson lived 3,000 years ago, and prophesied on the right side of the *Ægean* and Mediterranean seas, he would probably have had some reputation by this time. But Dr. Wilson is not dead yet, and of course can be no authority; it is also decreed by an ancient proverb that a prophet can have no honor "in his own country," and pray who does not know that Allegheny City is no place to prophecy!

## ANOTHER SPIRIT FROM THE ARCTIC.

Almost every week brings to our notice one or more illustrations of the intercourse between spirits and men, resulting from the loss of the ill-fated Arctic. The subjoined example is related by the *Kuickerhooker Magazine*. In the judgment of materialists it is governed by no spiritual law. It is only "A Singular Incident," which might have occurred at any other time as well. To us it is at least extremely probable that the departing Spirit was present where the form was visible, and that it assumed the appearance which so startled the wife, to indicate alike the fact and the cause of its separation from the body:

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.—A lady of Pittsburg mourns a husband, lost in the ill-fated Arctic. Some time before the news arrived of the disaster, and about the time she expected his return (indeed she had received notice that he would probably arrive on the very day the circumstances occurred which I am about to relate), while she was sitting in her room, a friend called, and found her in a state of extreme agitation. Upon inquiring the cause, she stated, just a moment before, while she was sitting, thinking of her husband, perfectly conscious of all around her, the door opened and he appeared before her, as he walked toward her, the water streamed down his shoulders and arms, dripping off his fingers upon the floor. Just as she was about to question him, he left the room, and a moment after the person alluded to above came in. The visitor rallied her upon her fears, and succeeded in partially quieting her mind. The incident was related to the writer a day or two afterward, but had been partially forgotten, until the dreadful tidings brought it fearfully vivid to my mind. Alas! for that poor widow.

One after another spirits of the departed come back and reveal themselves to our senses; they affirm that they are dwellers in the spiritual shod; we inquire and ascertain that they have spoken truly; but materialism, with thoughtless head and pulseless heart, still goes on its old way with the consent of the press and the approbation of the clergy.

## R. P. AMBLER IN ST. LOUIS.

For some months past Bro. Ambler has been laboring with energy and success, in and about St. Louis, to expound the philosophy of Nature and the truths of the immortal life. Bro. A. is certainly one of our most earnest and eloquent speakers, and, if we may judge from the notices which have of late appeared in the Western papers, his powers are duly acknowledged and appreciated. We clip the following from the *St. Louis Sunday Republic*:

REV. MR. AMBLER'S LECTURE.—Many of our readers may not be aware of the very able and interesting series of lectures that are being delivered every Sunday morning at Wyman's Hall, by Rev. R. P. Ambler, of New York. We are assured by those who have listened to these lectures from Sabbath to Sabbath, that they are of a style and character which commend them to the favorable consideration of every intelligent and truth-loving mind. For thrilling eloquence, beauty of diction, force of logic, and soundness of principles advanced, they are seldom if

ever equaled by our best pulpit orators. Short, they are believed to be above criticism. We hope our readers will go and listen to these lectures, and judge for themselves of the worth of what is here stated.

St. Louis is an important point, and Spiritualism has nothing to fear or be ashamed of with its principles and aims are represented before the tribunal of public judgment by a man whose known ability and untarnished rectitude entitle him to universal respect and esteem. Bro. Ambler is, moreover, fortunate in being surrounded by my noble men and women whose intelligence, freedom, and openness render them kindred spirits in feeling, thought, and action. We extract the following brief testimonial from Bro. A.'s private note:

The TELEGRAPH comes to me promptly, and its visits are highly prized. I have its bold, independent, and sunny spirit. It seems to me that just such a paper is now especially needed, not only to vindicate the claims of Spiritualism, but to guard against the misdirection and fanaticism of its friends.

## BORN INTO THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

HANNAH, widow of the late G. Partridge, senior, of Templeton, Mass., departed this life, 7th, 1854, aged eighty-seven years, one month, and six days. Mrs. Partridge was the mother of sixteen children, eleven of which are still living. She leaves a large circle of relatives, among whom are seventy-eight grandchildren—our ally associate is one—and seventy-five great-grandchildren.

The deceased enjoyed a reasonable degree of health until she was eighty years of age. Up to this period her physical functions and mental powers seemed unimpaired, and it was frequently remarked that she did walk faster and farther than any one of her daughters or, indeed, than any of the young girls in the neighborhood. She retained the full use of her senses and all the faculties of her mind until some three years since, when they gradually began to decline; and the mind seemed to retire from its outward relations as if preparing to leave its mortal habitation. Among the first indications of this change it was observed that she commenced to make frequent visits to a rock by the roadside, where she was wont to remain for several hours, and when questioned as to where she had been, and whom she had seen, her usual reply was that she had "been home," and had seen her father, mother, husband, and others with whom she had been familiar in early life. Thus the external mental functions continued to decline and the soul seemed to recede by a gradual and peaceful transition toward the interior world.

During the last year of her earthly life Mrs. Partridge could but seldom recall the name of her own children with whom she lived, and when questioned as to the names of persons present she would inquire if it were this or that one—usually naming her early acquaintances and schoolmates.

The deceased lived and led an upright Christian woman, in the faith and fellowship of the Unitarian church, and through life was respected and beloved by all who knew her. Thus has passed from the transient scenes and trying vicissitudes of earth and human affairs, one who quietly left her physical, mental, and moral nature more or less vividly displayed on many human beings, through whom her influence will be extended, and must necessarily continue, in a degree that surpasses human computation, to mold the nature—and to influence the destinies of thousands.

## THE NASHVILLE GHOST.

The editor of the Nashville (Tenn.) *Evening News* has seen a ghost, or something else for which he is unable to account. He relates the story of his visit, in company with several citizens of that place, to "a haunted house," where himself and others saw a figure resembling a nude female, which distinctly appeared to them, and then disappeared in a most mysterious and unaccountable manner. We copy the story, which may be supposed to be true, as the narrator is probably not a Spiritualist:

In a tenacious house, just a few steps this side of Brown's Creek, on the Nashville and Murfreesboro' Turnpike, it is said something resembling the figure of a woman in a state of nudity has been seen at various periods within the past two years. It was first observed by a lady who lives a short distance beyond the creek, and who has to pass the "haunted house" in coming to and returning from the city. She is a highly respectable lady, and her veracity would not be questioned by those who are personally acquainted with her. Other members of her family, and other persons who have passed this house, testify to having seen this supposed apparition at various times and under various circumstances.

Before and after this appearance, on several occasions, the house has been thoroughly searched, but no evidences of its being occupied by any living creature (except fleas and rats) have been discovered. These circumstances bring about the inquiries. If this creature is really a woman, in the enjoyment of human life, how can she conceal herself when persons enter the house? how does she avoid detection and arrest? how is it possible for her to live there without food and clothing?

In company with a number of citizens we visited this place of haunted fame, for the purpose of being convinced as to the truth or falsehood of these strange reports. Detachments of the party approached the house in four different directions, so that there could be no egress undisturbed. After entering the ghastly establishment, candles were lighted, and the party made a thorough investigation of the premises, but discovered nothing more mysterious than a few rats' nests, and an old hen with a family of juvenile chickens under her motherly care.

The lights were extinguished and the party retired from the house; took position at various points in the yard, and patiently waited for what might transpire. We were not kept long in suspense; the apparition appeared in the usual manner—the figure of a woman destitute of clothing. It answered no questions, but shook its head and hand in a frightful and forbidding way, then suddenly disappeared, how and where we know not. The house was again searched, but with no better luck than before. We returned to the city satisfied that we had seen something, for the existence and appearance of which we were unable to account.

HON. N. P. TALLEMAGE.—Gov. Tallmage arrived here last week, looking fresh and strong as an oak that has outgrown the weakness of its youth, and yet has lost none of its life and vigor by length of years. Spiritualism renews one's youth by filling the mind with new ideas and beautiful images, which shine out through the material envelope—the body. The Governor certainly looks as genial as a summer's day, and yet firm enough to face a stout north-easter. We are happy to learn that the book by Gov. Tallmage and Mr. Linton, which was referred to in these columns some months since, is already in the hands of the stereotyper, and will soon appear.

DR. GEORGE T. DEXTER, the principal medium of the Spiritual communications purporting to emanate from Bacon and Swedenborg, and contained in the first volume of Edmonds and Dexter's Spiritualism, will lecture at Dodsworth's Academy, 806 Broadway, on Sunday morning and evening next, at the usual hours. The Doctor is well and favorably known as a gentleman and a scholar, and as this is the first time he has been announced to address the Spiritualists of New York, we predict that the Hall will be full.

## THE WORLD'S RENOWAL.

The five great Ages of the Past  
Within the Present have their place—  
All states of life their separate space  
Perchance in Man's existence past.

What seventh valiant truth which is  
The unknown yet shall be the known,  
When Love regains its ancient throne  
And speaks through angel witnesses.

The aged man becomes again  
The child, and, on his dying bed,  
Visions of life's young morning shed  
Their glory like a diadem.

And thus the aged world grows bright,  
The old time visions reappear,  
The Golden Age is drawing near,  
And evening ends in morning light.

## "HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE"

In giving publicity to the communication from our Texas correspondent, which appeared in the TELEGRAPH of the 2d inst., we accompanied the same with the observation, that Spirits not unfrequently rehearse their own earthly productions, or repeat what others have expressed before them, and sometimes this is unaccompanied by any intimation respecting the real authorship of what is said or written. In giving publicity to such communications, therefore, we by no means vouch for their originality. We had reason to suspect that a poem embodied in Mr. A.'s letter might not be an original production by a Spirit, but had no means of confirming or removing such a suspicion. Our esteemed correspondent, whose letter will be found below, informs us respecting its authorship. We also learn that the poem entitled "Electricity," which appeared in our paper of Oct. 21st, and was said to have been written in fifteen minutes by Miss Lucinda Hill, was taken from a work bearing the title, if we mistake not, of "Christian Songs," to which it was contributed by Rev. James E. Lyons, D.D., where the poem bears the title of "The Magnetic Telegraph." The stanzas entitled "Woman's Love," which appeared in the TELEGRAPH of Nov. 4th are doubtless a reproduction of an old piece. We shall not hesitate to give credit where it belongs, however it may affect the pretensions of Spirits or mortals.

## LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 10, 1854.  
Though actively employed in my arduous profession, I still find time to laborate in the columns of the TELEGRAPH, and dwell on the subject so dear to us, whose sweet and holy teachings we cherish.

"I can be our heart's heart."  
But the immediate object in troubling you with these few lines is to anticipate (as you have partially done) any criticism which "certain lay spirits" may indulge in. I allude to an article published in the TELEGRAPH of Dec. 2d, from Ebenezer Allen, of Texas, in which occurs the following passage:

"I close with the following Hymn, which purports to be original, no name being subscribed. It was written on the 12th of August, and original or selected, is certainly an exquisite and noble production."

Then follows the poem—"Let there be Light!"

"Let there be light, the Eternal Spirit," etc.  
Mr. Allen observes he knows not whether it is original or selected. If you have not already made the discovery, the poem is by CATHERINE HOFFMAN, and is to be found in Grinnell's "Poets and Poetry of America," under the title of a "Morning Hymn."

It is unnecessary for me to state the poetry of Hoffman ranks among the best of our native literature. His serene strains breathe an angelic love nature, and are second only to Bryant's who never equals the strings of Nature's lyre but to

While his gayer warblings are the brilliancy of Halleck; and his Lyries, especially the song of "Singing and Bright," is equal to Tom Moore's bashful effusions. He was a man of superior talents. When we last heard of him a cloud was on his brilliant mind, and he was the inmate of a lunatic asylum. Whether he is now in the Spirit-world we know not. We once spent a short time in his society, and can recall his fine face and pleasing conversation.

Our credit opponents think they achieve a triumph when they detect a poem—purporting to be spiritual—which has already been given to the world, as if Spirits having the power to compose and express effusions through a medium, should not also have the power to give from memory any production they were familiar with in the material world. If Hoffman be in the Spirit-world, the poem given is more congenial to his supposed condition than a lighter production in which style, however, he excelled. We believe Hoffman to have been a good man, and know he was an honor to our literature; and if he is in the Spirit-world, we hope he is having "a good time."

We have been so constantly before the "lost-lights" we can not report the state of Spiritualism in the Monumental City, but we are told there are several private circles, and we have conversed with many intelligent and educated persons who have expressed great interest in the subject; but the great trouble here, as elsewhere, with our opponents is, they are "too clever," "too well posted," "too dexter," "too knowing," "too smart," "too fast," "too much on the 'qui vive,'" "too antagonized by Spirits, so they remain in impenetrable darkness," "none so blind as those that don't see," "I have tried this with little bit of advice from the old philosopher," "Count de Galafie."

"Learn to be poor in spirit if you would penetrate the sacred night that envelops terror. Learn of the sages to allow devils to power in nature. Learn of the philosophers to look for natural causes in all extraordinary events, and when such causes are wanting, resort to God!"  
Adieu. *Tout pour le monde.* A. W. PENNO.

We are happy to perceive that our friend Mr. PENNO, is rapidly rising in public estimation, and that he is destined to occupy the front rank among the artists of his class. His fine person and manners, his brilliant intellect and his accomplishments as a gentleman and a scholar, entitle him to that position, and a brief period will suffice for the achievement.

We clip the following notices of Mr. Penno from the Baltimore papers:

A. W. PENNO, now of the Holiday Street Theatre, has advanced with rapid strides within a few years. Nature has been to him most bountiful. He has a face capable of expressing every passion and emotion, and a form of many proportions. His voice is powerful, and when kept in proper compass, melodious. We have seen him in a great variety of characters. *His Virginia, Rod, and Diana are seen, and only in Forest.* His Romeo, Hamlet, Benedict, and Charles Surface are excellent, and will always gratify a general audience. He is well educated, extensively read in English poetry and literature, and writes with taste and beauty; and we are satisfied, from his representations on our boards this season of Ingomar and Rob Roy, that a few years of hard study and entire devotion to his art, will rank him with the best artists in the country.

Mr. Penno's character of the Highland Chieftain suited him better perhaps than any other part he has personated here, and was rendered in a masterly manner. The costume also set off his figure to great advantage. The last scene, where he refuses to part with his children, was admirably played, and well worthy the applause it elicited.

REV. T. L. HARRIS lectured in Dalworth's Academy last Sunday morning and evening. The weather was rather unpropitious, but the lectures were immovably attended.

We are preparing for a temporary absence from the editorial chair, and shall leave here for a lecturing tour soon after the Holidays are over. We shall accompany our lectures with one of the most novel and interesting exhibitions ever witnessed.

## FACTS AND REMARKS.

ANOTHER CASE OF DOUBLE VISION.—Marcellus Wright, of Ontario Co., New York, forwards us an account of the following fact which occurred in his own experience on the night of last election day, or rather on the early morning of that day. He himself mysteriously in company with an old and intimate friend, he had not seen under two years before, and whom he knew Kentucky pursuing the occupation of a surveyor. He was of meeting his friend in the road in a strange place, he had an apparent and a subtle, when, on seeing Mr. Wright, he how glad I was to see you. I am shortly coming, he said, to winter. It is pleasing for me to think that I shall soon see you again. Tell your people I am about to give them a treat which he closed his last remark, "says our correspondent," "he overtook and satiated, and passed out of my mind."

The next day Mr. Wright met with the brother of his friend, and related to him the interview he had had with him. The brother was surprised at the account, and said that he had before received a letter from his absent relative, in which he mentioned a similar statement respecting his intention to visit him. "The person," says our correspondent, "has since arrived, and conversed with him, and among other things alluded to the fact that he was as familiar with the story as I have just told you. He had spoken with me, and mentioned that he intended coming here." These, to us, are facts of much interest, and we are glad to forward to you any more of the "same sort" of may be in possession.

SEEN WHERE HE WAS NOT.—I have, two or three times, a spiritual Conference, the following fact in my own possession, and have never yet submitted the same to the readers of the TELEGRAPH, as it was one, to me, pregnant with instruction. I am among the readers of this paper, the benefit of it, and have it in my possession of 1845. It was written in Dutchess County, New York, from home, where one night after I had retired to bed, lying in that quiet, passive state between sleep and wakefulness, and neighbor of mine, whom I had left at home, and who appeared apparently at the door of my room. I did not see him with the external eye, but yet saw him, and that, so as to perceive every lineament of his countenance. He was mostly situated expression, and seemed to have certain ideas, and motives which were deeply weighing upon his mind. He appeared anxious that it conveyed the same feeling of sympathy, and I could not feel quite at rest until I had returned to him. Returning home, and calling at my friend's house, I turned out that on that very evening he had strongly desired to inquire respecting a particular matter which gave him trouble, and that he had taken his hat to go to my house, when he was told that I was not at home. It was evidently this vision of his which brought this sphere into respect with mine, and his image so that I could see it. Spiritually speaking, he was as his form appeared to be, and his spiritual form was as that as his own tangible body, though its substance was ethereal.

CERTAIN SUPERSTITION.—Mr. Sanford, a student of Chardon, Georgia Co., Ohio, was recently, one morning, on a prearranged excursion, during which he exclaimed, "He is dying!" Immediately afterward he imagined himself on the platform by the post office, and saw a wagon going by, two bay horses, with two men in it, and something in behind did not sufficiently resemble to describe. In the afternoon of the same day a stranger came to Mr. Sanford's house whom he immediately recognized as the man he had seen in his vision in the morning. This man had come to get a person to attend to a man who had died in the morning at the same hour as Mr. Sanford had been controlled to say, "He is dying," and a short time afterward, was standing on the platform at the same time, with his bay horses, and another person with him, and a coffin in behind, came driving by, when Mr. Sanford's counterpart to his vision of the morning. This fact, which we have thus condensed, is communicated to the TELEGRAPH by C. A. Bisbee, of Chardon.

## GIFT-BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

There are doubtless a large number of Spiritualists who, at the ending of two weeks, will purchase books for Christmas, and we desire to remind them that we publish the following books, all of which are suitable for that purpose.

## THE HEBERSON.

Containing original Portraits on steel, of *Assault and Molestation, Emancipation, Spirituality*. Elegantly printed, and bound in the fine Annuals. Price, from \$1.75 to \$2.50, according to the binding.

## IN SPIRIT OF THE STATED BEVER.

This remarkable Poem was spoken by Thomas L. Harris, and 10 minutes, while in the Trance state. It extends to 100 lines, and makes a book of 210 pages. Price 75 cts., \$1.25.

## A LYRIC OF THE MORNING-GLORY.

This exquisite production was uttered by T. L. Harris, translated by Spirits. It makes a 12mo volume of 222 pages, and was improvised in 30 hours. The N. Y. Express says: "The book contains a number of typical pieces of striking merit."

The following is from the *Courier and Enquirer*: "The chaos of poetical fancies, often extremely beautiful, helplessly expressed. As poetry, it is undeniably beautiful."

The price of the Lyric and the postage is the same as of the other books.

## THE LILY WEATH.

This elegant 12mo volume of nearly 200 pages is just published, and is intended, by those who prepared it, for a Gift-Book. It is made up of communications from Spirits, principally replete with the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams. In paper, type, binding, it is beautiful. We shall make some extracts from Lily Weath. It is \$1 and \$1.50, according to the style of the binding 15 cts.

We will our friends at a distance send on their orders, with the books they want, including postage, which will be to amount, if paid at the place of delivery.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Story Books for Little Folks. T. W. Strong, No. 5 Nassau Street. Among the very few good books for children may be said charming little volumes, which appear in their holiday number, print, gay bindings, and gilt edges, ready to make their little fair array of Christmas and New Year's Presents. It is necessary to say more than that these stories are from the Rev. Dr. Barth, and by the author of "Bible Stories," are contained in the series; they have, besides the deep sentiment, all the sprightliness, clearness, and simplicity which ways so attractive to children, and render these little books even to more mature minds. The series consists of six, so graduated that there is one for every child in the family.

The Lady Herald, or The Home Book. Containing original Portraits for the Nursery, Laundry, Work Table, Simple and Easy Lessons, Amusements, the Manuscripts of a large number of Economical Household Hints, just issued by T. W. Strong, No. 5 Nassau Street.

This neat, and even elegant little volume is an invaluable addition to the Home Library, and is designed as a companion to "The Manual and American Housekeeper," which is still for sale by publisher, and which has already attained a wide celebrity at best Cook Book for common use ever written. For it not only contains a large assortment of simple and economical dishes, but is so pleasant and delightful. If any good husband would like to be a good wife—for every man has, or ought to have such a companion as a good substantial present of these books, while he is at fine things and is in a generous mood; and take our word for it, will save the price of them every month he lives, "from the forward."



## Original Communications.

## VOICES AT TWILIGHT.

BY MISS MARY F. MOTT.

Oh, I love the shadowy twilight hour,  
That comes with its dreamy spell,  
To soothe the heart with a magic power,  
And peace to the sorrowing tell.

The flowers have folded their petals bright,  
All gleamed with the dew-drop sheen;  
The bird, on glancing wing of light,  
Is away to the woodland green.

And over the spirit there cometh a spell,  
A thought of the friends we love,  
Who are gone with angels pure to dwell,  
In the better land above.

The places are vacant at board and hearth,  
We miss them in hall and tower;  
They have passed away from the sphere of earth,  
They are gone where no storm-tossed lover.

But oh, at the hushed and holy time—  
The hour of the closing flowers—  
When we sit to the evening bell's low chime,  
That tolls of the dying hours—

They rise before us all fair and bright,  
Each robed undimmed by care,  
With the radiant look, and the eyes' soft light,  
And the smile that the angels wear.

Bright, guardian Spirits! they hover near,  
A vigil of love to keep;  
They bid us to our sorrow with pitying ear,  
They bend o'er us while we sleep.

And when the hour of death shall come,  
And we from earth's cares pass away,  
They will welcome us to their radiant home,  
In the land of unending day.

## SPIRITUAL PANORAMIC PAINTING.

We have read the sublimed communication with much interest, and we are glad to find that it will gratify our numerous readers. If our correspondence does not misjudge the scientific character and artistic excellence of the work, Mr. Tuttle will make his mark for Spiritism, and, perhaps, a fortune for himself.—*Ed.*

## EDITOR SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Dear Sir—Permit me through the columns of your light-affirming sheet to give another witness of the triumph of "Ghost Literature" over the slow ploddings of "world's wisdom." In the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH and other periodicals I have frequently seen accounts of drawings and paintings executed by the Spirits through their mediums. But the most extensive one that has yet come to my knowledge is now being painted by the mediumship of Hudson Tuttle, near Berlin Heights, Erie Co., Ohio. It already covers about 1,600 square feet of canvas, and is not yet completed. It is 5 feet wide and over 300 feet in length. It is a Panoramic History of Creation, or, rather, of its geological formations, changes, etc., since its surface had cooled sufficiently to form a crust.

The medium is a young man of eighteen, and previous to his mediumship was in no great degree versed in the arts and sciences; but since his development, under his spiritual teachers, he has rapidly advanced in the acquirement of the principles of science. He was early developed as a writing medium, and under their influence has written many hundred pages on various subjects. The outlines of "Universal Government" was by his hand; another interesting work—"The Arcana of Nature," is now being published in the *Spiritual Era*, Ripley, Brown Co., Ohio.

But as an artist, the Panoramic is his first work, and he was unprepared for it as he was for writing his previous works. About the first of last June he was directed to obtain cloth, brushes, paints, etc., for a Panorama of Creation, and the painting was soon after commenced, and continued about two weeks, and then stopped, probably on account of his most being needed on his father's farm. But in August they resumed the work, and have continued to the present, and, as he is unimpressed, nearly to its completion.

The designs were quite independent of his own mind, he seldom knowing what would be the characters or filling up of the next scene. The kind of colors and their combinations were under the direction of the Spirit-artists. Its first representation is the appearance of the earth's surface, broken by wide seams of intensely-heated molten matter. Then the beginning of the upheavals from the confined gases beneath, giving all the bleak ruggedness of an immense crater. Farther on comes the precipitation of the waters from the dense black atmosphere, falling on the heated rocks, sending up vast columns of steam. Then we have the representation of a great boiling sea, with rolling clouds of vapor hanging over it in the distance. These then gradually subside, revealing its dark waters and rugged coast; sea-weeds begin to appear in the shallow waters, and float away in vast islands; then the animals of the old red sandstone age, and near its termination ferns and rushes begin to cover the sterile rocks with verdure; and from thence on to the time when vegetation attained its greatest luxuriance. The atmosphere presents a sooty hue, through which is seen a lurid sun.

The scene is again changed for the billowy ocean, which is now sufficiently deep to allow deep waves to roll. This is the ocean of the Silurian age, and sporting on its turbid flood is the huge ichthyosaurus, and in an estuary is seen the serpent-headed plesiosaurus searching for its prey, while in another portion of the scene appear large volcanoes belching forth sulphurous fumes and streams of molten lava. Thence on, over the varied changes of intervening ages, we find the graceful fern, the towering palm, the pine, etc., of the Oolite age, with its huge saurians, the winged lizards, and the first of the marauding make their appearance. On the deep is seen a nautilus, and the restored forms of the much disputed belemnite. The Wealden age next appears with all its reptilian forms; the huge iguanodon, the lizard of the weald, the wood saurian, etc., all in the most life-like aspect. The Chalk period is also well represented with all the animated forms of life developed during the age. During the Tertiary age we see the lion, tiger, fox, hyena, bear, giraffe, and all the gigantic forms which inhabited the globe during this period of its formation. The Vegetable creation also has its new forms.

Then comes the great period of the Drift, most sublimely represented by its ocean of floating icebergs; and from thence through the progressive development to the time that primitive man became a resident of the earth. The final scene is to be the ascension of the spirit from the gross tenement after death, to join the inhabitants of higher spheres. All through the painting there is a strict chronological arrangement of all animals and plants—those developed first, standing first in the scene representing the age; and of all the vast number of

some 2,500 distinct forms represented, there appears no exception. The whole is finished with an effect and nicely seldom found in panoramic paintings, and forms the most complete, thorough, and impressive system of geology ever produced. Every yard of canvas seems to speak a volume. Viewed in part or as a whole, it everywhere bears the evidence of being the work of a truly master mind, one that comprehended the whole subject and all its bearings, yet executed by the hand of an unschooled stripling, who, previous to commencing the work, knew scarcely any thing of the facts embraced in the great science of geology. If it does not in all its parts correspond with the present theories of geologists, there is a harmony in itself that will carry conviction to every beholder that it must have originated in the spheres of truth.

Yours, in the cause of human progress, D. C. GREEN.

MILAN, Dec. 2, 1854.

## IMPORTANCE OF PASSIVITY IN MEDIA.

For a long time I have been satisfied that many of the contradictory communications and incorrect answers received through media, might be accounted for by the fact that the medium had formed an opinion as to what would be communicated. A further confirmation of this idea has lately occurred in my experience.

On Monday evening, April 23, my wife and self had a sitting at the corner of Broadway and Lapeer Street with Mr. T. B. Henry, the medium in attendance there, whom I had seen but once, and my wife had never seen before. Answers to our questions were given by the tipping of the table around which we were seated, with our hands laid thereon. The table was tipped upward, on the side the medium sat. The following questions were asked, and correct answers given to all, by what purported to be the Spirit of my daughter, who departed some fourteen years since, at between five and six years of age.

How many children have we, reckoning those now on earth and those departed? How many on earth, and how many departed? How many of each are male, and how many female? How many letters in the first name of our son, now on earth? How many in our daughter's? How many in my wife's? How many in mine? How many in my surname?

At our request the first names of our children now with us were spelled out, and also those of my wife and myself, the medium calling the alphabet.

I then requested the spelling of my surname. The number of letters contained in it, which is four, had been previously given. Upon coming to the letter W the table was tipped, the next time at O, the third time again at O, while calling the alphabet the fourth time, the letter D was passed without any tipping, and the medium had proceeded as far as K, when my wife told him he had passed the right letter. Just as she spoke, I saw the table was rising, apparently to tip at L. Calling the alphabet was again commenced, and the table was tipped at D, which made up my name correctly.

I then asked the medium, if, after getting the first three letters, W, O, O, he had not formed an opinion that my name was Wood. He said he had come to such a conclusion.

In this instance, the medium knowing that my name consisted of four letters, and when by tipplings W, O, O, it was evident the fourth and last letter must be either D or L, in order to form any name that can be found in a directory, and the medium supposing it most likely to be L, the table was tipped at that letter. For the first letters, there was too much scope to set him thinking what they might be, but when there was a choice between two letters only, an opinion was formed which proved to be erroneous.

This circumstance strengthens my conviction, that many (and I know not how many) of the fallacies that occur in spiritual communications might be justly attributed to a similar cause.

NEW YORK CITY. W. W. WOOD.

## CONSOLATION.

I have been sorrowing long—  
My sad heart beat beneath its lonely doom,  
No sunny gleam of hope, no burst of song,  
Illuming the gloom.

Bitterness in my soul,  
And vain repinings at Fate's harsh decree,  
I felt the wild and unshackled control  
Of grief o'er-rehearsing me.

No kindly word for me  
By mortal lips was spoken; silent, lone  
I dwelt with bitter cares and misery,  
Unheard my heart's deep moan.

For me Love's star had set;  
The brightness faded from the azure sky;  
For me no loving smile, no kindred met  
My soul in sympathy.

No mother smiles on me;  
No father's blessing falls upon my ear;  
No brother's love illumines life's path for me;  
No sister fond is near.

I have no bosom friend  
To gaze with me upon the stars at even;  
With me no triad and true ones daily wend  
The same bright path to heaven.

I hear no voice of love—  
No tones of tenderness fall on my heart;  
There beams but hope and sunlight from above—  
Heaven does my peace impart.

I am alone and sad!  
My lonely ones dwell in fields of blissful rest,  
While I, the pilgrim and the never glad,  
Wander in deep unrest.

But see a sudden gleam  
Illumes the darkness; waves of gladness roll  
Bright as imagination's fairest dream—  
A vision fills my soul!

I feel the angels near—  
I know the blessed and the pure are nigh;  
I feel it by the hush of every ear—  
My Spirit-friends are nigh.

I am no longer sad—  
No longer lonely in my silent room;  
My heart is stirred with joy, for earth too glad—  
There is 'round me no gloom.

I am not all unloved—  
The Spirit's whisper love and peace to me;  
Encouraged, sweetly cheered—no more reproved,  
I breathe felicity.

They guide my willing hand,  
And then my gladdened eyes in wonder trace  
The angel-constellations of the Spirit-land—  
Sweet messages of grace.

I feel a waving, soft  
As if of angel's breath upon my brow,  
Its influence raises soul and thought aloft,  
And I am happy now!

Methinks I hear a voice  
Bidding me, "Fear no more—rise from the dust!"  
I hear true Spirits whispering, "Rejoice,  
Put on immortal trust."

"Look upward still—  
Let not earth's trials stay thy progress here;  
On, with bold heart, with steady, earnest will—  
We, thy true friends, are near."

"My child, the Spirits say,  
In messages of love and peace to me;  
Oh, words of love, unheard for many a day,  
Dearest than wealth to me!"

Leave, leave me not—  
Oh, leave me never, influence divine!  
Though disregarded, by the world forgot,  
Let my heart be the shrine

Of every holy thought,  
That I may worthily prove of your fond care;  
Beneath your guidance, by your wisdom taught,  
Let not my soul despair!

Be with me ever,  
Consoling Spirits—messengers of peace;  
Oh, free my heart from fear and doubt forever—  
From wrong my soul release.

Give me bright dreams of home—  
Sweet angel mother, bless thy sorrowing child,  
Blest father, to thy love and aid one come—  
Bring wisdom's teachings mild.

Be ever, ever near,  
Ye blest and holy dwellers of the spheres;  
Bring radiant light to draw my spirit near,  
And chase my mortal fears.

And if for me no joy  
Bloom in my wanderings o'er this weary earth,  
Teach my poor heart, that bliss without alloy  
Shall have immortal birth.

In that far better land  
Where dwells celestial harmony—where love,  
Unknowing change, with joy rears hand in hand,  
In fields of light above.

STANTON, Va., 1854.

## ASTOUNDING PREDICTIONS.

REVELATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

WILLIAMSBURG, Dec. 4, 1854.

Dear Sir—In the New York Daily Times of the 2d inst., there appeared a few disjointed extracts from some prophetic disclosures purporting to have come from the spirit of Napoleon the First. It was never intended by the "Association of Spiritualists," at whose rooms these prophecies were received, that they should have been made public. One member, however, at whose suggestion the spirit of Napoleon was invoked, and who indulged a faith that the predictions were to be depended upon, gave the Times a copy of the communications received at the first and second sittings of the circle, from which that paper selected the extracts referred to. Since then another circle has been held and further prophecies made.

As secretary of the "Association" above named, and also as having been the "medium" through whom these disclosures were made, I feel it my duty, since the matter has been pressed before the public, to give all the facts together, so that a clearer and more just opinion may be formed of their worth and truthfulness than can be elicited from the brief quotations of the Times. It has frequently been asserted by Spiritualists—after the occurrence of some great event has been made known to the world—that the fact had been predicted weeks before by the Spirits. To these assertions the public very naturally reply, by asking why the prediction is not made known before the actual event is ascertained through the usual channels? It is for the purpose of answering such queries that I now submit to the world a series of manifestations which a few months will verify or falsify. As for the predictions, I neither adopt them, nor can I say I have much faith in their fulfillment. I spoke as I was impressed to speak. After falling from my lips they are no longer my property. If, however, these declarations are untruthful, one of three things will be proved—either that I am an unreliable medium, or that a dishonest Spirit impressed me, or that my own mind is under the influence, at certain times, of some mysterious power which I have no conscious knowledge. In either case, I shall hold to the opinion that the world will still revolve on its axis, as usual.

These disclosures were made at three sittings or circles. At the first, held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 23, I was impressed to sit in the middle of the circle and to submit to the members—about twenty-five being present—that if they would concentrate their minds upon my particular Spirit and invite his presence, their desires would be complied with. Many Spirits were mentioned, until at the suggestion of Mr. Azor Hoyt, the Spirit of Napoleon was unanimously agreed upon.

I seated myself as impressed to do, and endeavored to compose my mind to that state of calm passivity so desirable on such occasions. I was now—very unexpectedly to me—impressed to speak upon the subjects of Peace and Love, by a Spirit assuming to be George Whitefield. The soft and pleasing influence of these themes served to bring me to the proper state of quietude, for as soon as this Spirit left me, I arose suddenly to my feet, thrust my right hand in my bosom, threw my left hand behind me, and commenced walking the room in that thoughtful, abstracted manner so frequently observed in Napoleonic pictures. Mr. Hoyt then asked: "If this is the Spirit of Napoleon, will he tell us what were his motives when on earth—whether it was ambition or love of the people that prompted him in all his great enterprises? To which I was impressed to reply as follows:

"From my earliest youth I was a child of destiny. I felt a divinity within me, pushing me on to deeds beyond my own belief of my capability and power of action. If men could have read my heart, and could have known the promptings under which it moved, they would have called me superstitious. I consulted my oracles with as much devotion as ever Caesar did. The world acknowledges my inspiration, but does not know when the inspiration ceased. Napoleon the General, Napoleon the Consul, and Napoleon the Emperor, in the early part of his career, was a quite different personage from the Napoleon of later years.

"While I followed my inspirations, I was successful. When I moved of myself, I was beaten with my own weapons. I can see it now, but could not see it then. I knew my inspiration in my youth. My first impression when a boy was, that I was not in my own keeping. Solutions of difficult themes were instinctively impressed upon my mind. I leaped to conclusions without any effort of my own. When I first observed this phenomenon I heard an internal voice saying: 'Do as you are prompted.' I followed these impressions whenever opportunity permitted. My only motive was to obey. I early felt that no mortal force could affect my life. On many occasions I unnecessarily exposed my person in scenes of imminent peril, but I recognized no danger and felt no fear.

"In all my great battles in which I was successful, there was no effort of my own. There seemed to be stamped upon my brain a complete map and plan of the battle before it occurred, and when it was fought, it was found to correspond.

"Napoleon won every battle that was fought for him, but lost every one that he fought himself.

(Here a member questioned Napoleon again as to his motives being personal or for the good of mankind.) "You speak of motives? I had no motive but to follow the impulses that moved me. 'The true that I hoped that good would result. I felt like the faithful courier who at the will of his master keeps on and never stops until the rein is pulled. I leaped forth as the Spirit prompted me. But when I grew impatient, grasped the bit between my teeth and essayed to guide myself. I felt the race. I tell you again that Napoleon had no motive but to follow the impressions that strove within him. He was successful so long as he was true to his impressions, but when he became selfish and moved alone, he began to lose the game. When the man forgot his mission, he ceased to be the medium and became the man again. It was not Napoleon who made himself emperor, but the Spirit that placed him there. But having gained that seat, I might have kept it securely. The combined efforts of my enemies could not have driven me from it if I had staid at home. After having become emperor I never should have fought a battle away from behind the walls of Paris.

"I confess now that the greatest and best deeds of my life were not my own. You can not know the struggles that the heart feels that has misused the gifts of God. I was like a man who, not satisfied with having done the best he could, strives to do better, and ends all he before accomplished.

"I sought divorce from Josephine without inspiration. "When I threw off the scholar and became the teacher, I lost all I had before gained.

"You may attribute my success to the Spirit that prompted me. My defects attribute to Napoleon. When my star first began to rise, there was danger of my becoming extravagant and inflated by the destiny which governed my every action. There was need of a soothing and correcting influence to curb the passions of my wild nature. It was

then that inspiration first introduced me to Josephine. France could not have produced a woman better suited to my wants. Had I possessed the wisdom of Solomon it would have taken me to her door. Her extraordinary power over my unruly nature fitted her for my companion.

"What am I now? I am not rewarded for what I have done for its quantity, but for its quality—not for how much I have done, but for how well I have done it. The loftiest peasant in my dominions may rise above me if he does the little he has to do well. \* \* \* I could make you a prophecy if I could find organs through which to make it. \* \* \* You shall see great things in Europe ere long. Europe to-day hangs upon a hair. Oh! I could now ride upon the storm and direct the lightning. (In answer to a question if he approved of the course of his nephew, Louis Napoleon, he replied with great warmth.) "He is so nephew of mine! He has carried France back half a century, and what angers me most, he has carried her back on my shoulders. There was need of an emperor in my day. There is no need of a stupider today. I can say no more now."

On Wednesday evening, 29th ult., another circle was held at the rooms of the Association. After sitting about five minutes, a Spirit purporting to be my father spoke as follows: "My son, let your mind be entirely passive. When you feel an impression, give utterance to it without question—leave that for consideration. If you feel you have nothing if you are successful you gain much, and if not so content of yourself. Feel that you are tutored and close within the sanctuary of your own chamber. Breathe forth every thought that is impressed upon your mind."

(Napoleon then introduced me to speak the following.) "The map of Europe lies before me. Preliminary conditions have somewhat tended to frustrate the designs of wise and acute minds who are molding the destinies of Europe to their proper proportions. All appears dark, with the exception of the center, where a light, faint and not yet well defined, is described by the watchmen on the walls, and though the world at large may not see cause for hope in the faint glimmer, yet sage minds rejoice because it comes from where it should come—from the center and not from the outskirts.

"For three months have passed, dating from this hour, the assassination of a crowned head will astonish and bewilder the negotiators of Europe, and overturn an empire. In another quarter, a traitor to his king, but a loyal man to his God and to his fellows, will turn his sword against his master and raise the banner of the people. This will occur some time after the first event spoken of. No more tonight."

On Friday evening we held a private meeting at the rooms of the Association, seven or eight persons being present. As at the previous circle, the Spirit of my father first took possession of us and said: "Whatever doubts may linger in the minds of those present, let them be removed, if possible, for doubt has an evil influence. Bid faith rise in your hearts. Faith is like the opening flower, whose outspread leaves invite the morning dew to its embrace, while doubt goes with folded arms and admits no one to the privacy of his chamber."

After a few minutes of silent seclusion I was made to rise and pace the floor at L to Napoleon for a short time. I was then impressed to say: "Napoleon is here. A third of a century has not sufficed to release me from the captivity of St. Helena. When confined to that lone rock, my heart was with France, and with France my heart still beats. The Spirit-Emperor seeks the welfare of his people even more earnestly than did the Emperor of Earth. The power of Napoleon the Spirit is far greater than was the power of Napoleon the Man. Napoleon the Man sailed with the tide; Napoleon the Spirit can control the tide. Napoleon the Spirit can a thousand times out-general Napoleon the Man, but Napoleon the Spirit finds it harder to impress his people than did Napoleon the Man. This is the great obstruction to be surmounted. I know that I have the hearts of my people; but they do not know where to find me, they do not know that I still live. Let me but assure them of this great truth, and I am again at the head of my army. My heroes of Italy, of Egypt, of Austria, are with me now. Ney, the man of five hundred battles, is with me. Murat is with me—Bernadotte, Canino, Lucien, are with me. They are now, as when on earth, looking to Napoleon. My marshals, like myself, still love France, and liberty more. They, like myself, now perceive the errors of our former policy, and, like myself, wish to repair our former errors. Having put off the earth-form, we have also put off earthly tastes and desires. We now perceive with spirit-eyes and love with spirit-hearts. We now feel the truth of that great precept embodied in your declaration of human rights, that—all men are born free and equal."

(Allusion was here made to the prophecies of the previous evening, and the Spirit was asked if they would really be fulfilled. To which was answered.)

"We will come to that directly. What I am now saying is principally intended to bring the medium to the proper state to make a further communication of great moment. His mind is unfortunately too active, and by making these general remarks I hope to succeed in calming it to that state of evenness which is necessary for my purpose. \* \* \*

"When I was in Egypt, I remember having dreamed that I was playing the part of an Atlas, and that I carried one of the Pyramids on my back. After my return to France, I mentioned this to Josephine, observing that, of all my dreams, this was the most improbable, for though I might command armies, and overturn kingdoms, and break thrones in pieces, I could not, with all my soldiers at my back, lift that monument from its base. To which Josephine replied: 'But how, if you directed your force to the removing one stone at a time, would not time and perseverance remove it from its foundation?' I had never thought of that before—moving it piecemeal. My ambition was, with one gigantic effort, to lift it from its bed. And so I became emperor by moving one stone at a time. And thus will we now move Europe—one stone at a time—impressing one, guiding another, and whispering to still another mind, until the whole Continent is in motion."

"The top stone is already in motion—yes, the earth around the very base is loosened every day. Nicholas is the top stone of the European Pyramid. For thirty years he has lain quietly in his bed. We have just succeeded in moving him."

"There is trouble brewing between Nicholas and Menschikoff. Nicholas will soon see that there is more than one mind in Russia. I'll tell you more of this some other time. Only remember my words. There is trouble brewing between Nicholas and his general."

"The people of Europe are wondering now—when they have done wondering, they will think; and they will think but a little while when they will begin to act. Then will the Spirits strike!"

"Nicholas is stubborn and haughty. Francis is petulant and arrogant. Louis is dyspeptic and fantastic. Victoria is placid and self-satisfied."

"NAPOLION."

At a private circle held on Sunday evening, 3d inst., the following singular verification of the truthfulness of the above predictions was given through the tipplings of a table—one letter at a time. Mr. Dimes, of Williamsburg, was the medium. The Spirit communicating purported to be William Young, a Norwegian minister, who left the form thirty years ago.

"My friends! Tell your folks that there is no fear but that the predictions will be fulfilled. There is a band of men who have sworn to release their land from willing slavery. Oh! my friends, tell your Association that they must not be frightened at the shadow of a witless laugh. Fools laugh when they can not reason. What will the world think when they tell the knell of the death of the tyrant? What will they think when they hear of the trouble between Nicholas and Menschikoff. They will then look upon spirit-prophecy with respect."

What will they say when they see the Russian general turn his army against the emperor, and raise the banner of liberty? This will surely happen between the first of next month and the last of the month following. What will the world think when they hear that Sebastopol is taken—by the friends of universal freedom? The Russian general with his officers will turn republican, and go help the Hungarians. I have good reason to know that this will happen from true and reliable information that I can depend upon. Under the laws of God we can tell a truthful spirit when we see him. You may depend upon these predictions. I would not for worlds deceive you."

J. F. COLES.

Sunday Dispatch.

A MYSTERIOUS VISITATION.—A correspondent of the *Spiritual Universe*, writing from Chagrin Falls, Ohio, says that he was recently awakened, one night about one o'clock, by what appeared to be the footfalls of a person coming up stairs to his room. He spoke to the invisible presence, but received no answer; but presently there commenced a concert of ticking, rattling, and rattling sounds of every variety, from that made by striking the store pipe with a whip to the beatings of drums, and heavy claps of thunder. These sounds continued, with variations and slight interruptions until the dawn of day, and then ceased.

## Selections from Standard Works.

PUBLISHED BY PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN.

## THE SOLAR HARP.

BY S. HARRIS.

There are twelve great chords in the Solar Harp—  
One chord alone unstirring,  
That chord is touched with a living spark,  
And again it finds a tongue.

Joy! joy! joy!  
That chord is touched with a living spark,  
And the Earth grows fair and young.

There are twelve great Angels above the stars,  
And they sit on their thrones of gold,  
But the throne of one by Death's iron bars  
Was crushed in the ages old.

Joy! joy! joy!  
For Earth's throne again is among the stars,  
And the sun is the angel-fold.

There are twelve great Nations in solar spaces,  
But one of them sits in gloom;  
The sun of its glory veiled its face,  
In the darkness of the tomb.

Joy! joy! joy!  
For the twelfth great Nation lifts its face,  
And glows with immortal bloom.

Epic of the Starry Heaven, page 67.

## LUMINOUS PHENOMENA ON MAGNETS.

Baroness Maria von Augustin, wife of Baron von Augustin, Major in the Imperial Army of Austria, a lady of distinguished scientific culture, very healthy, soon deceased in the dark room all magnets, bars, and horse-shoes in a luminous effluence, at first only as the luminous cloud, afterward appearing with the true outlines of the objects. On her right hand she saw light streaming out as a continuation of the ends of both poles, on one, three, and five-fold horse-shoes, after the removal of the armatures, five vaporous emanations of light, four to eight inches long, larger and stronger at the north than at the south pole. On a nice field, and still more on a strong electro-magnet, she saw flame-like appearances of light as high as a man, rising up, giving colors, sparks, and smoke, according to the coilings, and diffusing a light over it.

Wilhelmine Glaser, 24 years of age, daughter of an innkeeper at Badstätt, in Moravia, at present a chambermaid in Vienna, somewhat short, but stoutly made, always healthy and strong, who had been interruptedly engaged in laborious service for six years, saw all ordinarily luminous objects after an hour's sojourn in the darkened chamber: for instance, she saw all magnets in a white glow, and the poles with flames blue on the northward side, and reddish-yellow and brownish-red on the southward. She found the flames on a round magnet red twenty inches long, four inches in length at the former, two inches at the latter. The nine-rayed horse-shoe, standing upright, gave vertically ascending flames, twenty inches long, pale yellow and blue at the northward pole, and ten inches long, yellowish-red, at the southward, both terminating in smoke streaming up to a long distance. She beheld flames forty inches high upon an electro-magnet.

Mr. Sebastian Zickel, an old man in his 77th year, who had been all his life healthy and vigorous, formerly an inn-keeper, at present living retired in his own house, No. 23 Nordstadt, near Vienna, received from me magnets, crystals, etc., to take home and examine during the darkness of night. As he enjoyed but little sleep, he occupied himself with these for many hours in the dark, and gave me very exact accounts of what he saw. He saw a one-fold horse-shoe magnet, both when closed by the armatures and open: when open, the light was stronger at the poles than at the base, when it was closed, the light was stronger from the poles of the open magnet on both sides; from the southward pole, dull and yellowish red, about two inches long; from the northward pole, four inches long, bright and thin. They both ended in a smoky, vaporous essence, which reached to three or four times the length, and then was lost. He saw the entire horse-shoe enveloped in a luminous cloud as thick as one's finger, stronger when the armatures were removed, weaker when it was in its place. In the latter case the armature partook of the incandescence of the magnet, and appeared red where it was in contact with the northward pole, and dark gray where it touched the southward pole. Thus an old man, of 77 years, who the only light over the magnet quite as well as a youth at the period of the development of puberty, or a young pregnant woman.

Dr. Nield, a physician practicing in Vienna (No. 289, suburbs of Leobberg, 52 years old, was an invaluable discovery for me, since he is a physician, and a witness of the ordinary luminous phenomena even a century—that of the medical profession, namely—in which my researches, contrary to all expectation, have frequently met with very satisfactory reception. Dr. Nield is a strong, healthy man, kept in constant exercise throughout the day by a large practice, and of lively temperament. He nevertheless saw odd light of all kinds well and small bars as well as simple and many-layered horse-shoes. He perceived smoke-like and flame-like emanations over a red eight inches long, and one twenty-four inches long, and also over a one-fold, a seven-fold, and a nine-fold horse-shoe. He always found them half to long again on the negative pole as on the positive. Upon horse-shoes over the nine-fold horse-shoe, he saw the flame-like appearance over the nine-fold horse-shoe blaze up forty inches high, the flames of both poles united into a column, and the bright vapor rising above this to the ceiling of the room. And even the steel bands of his watch, which were doubtless strongly magnetized, appeared in a luminous glow so strong, in the absolute darkness of the profound chamber, that he could read the time on the dial plate.—*Baron von Rochow's Physico-Physiological Researches*, pp. 55-7.

## VISIT FROM A SPIRIT.

About the year 1785, one summer's evening at six o'clock, after I had read my last lecture for the day, and re-entered my study (it was at Marlburg, a student came to me with whom I was well acquainted, he being one of my worthiest hearers, and in still a most excellent man both as to head and heart. He filed at present an important office in the service of an illustrious prince. I received him with cordiality, and bade him sit down beside me. He then asked me, that in the year 1755 something remarkable had occurred in his family; his father, who was then a young man of about twenty years of age, was frequently visited by a Spirit. His grandfather, who was a teacher of a Latin school, had minutely written down the whole affair, and had caused it to be printed, but this was confined to a few copies, in order to leave them to his children and grandchildren, as an instructive lesson, and a perpetual memorial